The Essex County Merald.

W. H. BISHOP, Publisher. SUED EVERY FRIDAY

Island Pond, Vt. TERMS, \$1.50 PER YEAR, IN AUVANCE,



DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF ESSEX COUNTY.

VOL. XIII.

ISLAND POND, VERMONT, NOVEMBER 6, 1885.

ESTEY ORGANS,

Defy Competition The world over. Do not be deceived, but ge

THE BEST.

I also have a large stock of PIANOS,

Which will be sold at

Bottom Prices.

Office and Warerooms,

ST. JOHNSBURY, VT. L. P. ROSSIER, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEOM.

ISLAND POND, VT. Office over the Post Office. Calls attended

W. W. LOMBARD, WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,

Island Pond. Vt. ALFRED R. EVANS,

Attorney and Counselor at Law. AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Office over Postoffice, Gorham, N. H. All business by mail or otherwise promptly

J. A. MANSUR, DEPUTY SHERIFF. OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE.

F. D. HALE,

Island Pond, Vermont.

Attorney & Counselor-at-Law

LUNENBURGH, VT.

D. S. STORRS, Attorney and Counselor at Law

Agent for all the principal Fire Insurance Companies. ISLAND POND, VERMONT,

Z. M. MANSUR, Attorney at Law And Solicitor in Chancery.

ISLAND POND, VERMONT. George W. Hartshorn.

Attorney and Connselor at Law CANAAN VERMONT.

SAVE MONEY

BY PURCHASING

DRUGS, MEDICINES.

Fancy Goods, Etc.,

HOLTON'S, CANAAN, VT.

I am constantly adding to my stock fresh goods, and prices are lower than ever. Call in and look at my new stock of

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY

and Speciacles, just received, and you will be assumished at the low prices I ran give you. A full line of the celebrated

Rogers Bros.' Silver-Plated Ware. Always on hand.

Choice Confectionery, Tobacco and Cigars.

I haven't space to coumerate every article worthy of your inspection, but cordially invite one and all to step in. get prices, and be convinced that I am selling

FIRST-CLASS GOODS VERY CHEAP!

Physician's Prescriptions Carefully

Compounded, Day or Night. Thanking the public for their very liberal vationage in the past and soliciting a continu-tace, I remain, Respectfully yours,

C. O. HOLTON.

ince, I remain,

GROWING OLD,

What is it to grow old! Is it to lose the glory of the form, The luster of the evel Is it for beauty to forego her wreath? Yes, but not this alone.

Is it to feel our strength, Not our bloom only, but our strength, decay? Is it to feel each limb Grow stiffer, every function less exact, Each nerve more loosely strung?

Yes, this and more; but not,

Ah! 'tis not what in youth we dreamed 'twould be. Tis not to have our life

Mellowed and softened as with sunset glow, A golden day's decline. "Tis not to see the world

As from a height, with rapt prophetic eyes, And heart profoundly stirred, And weep, and feel the fullness of the past, The years that are no more.

It is to spend long days And not once feel that we were ever young: It is to add, immured In the hot prison of the present, month To month with weary pain.

It is to suffer this, And feel but half, and feebly, what we feel. Deep in our hidden heart Festers the dull remembrance of a change; But no emotion, none,

it is, last stage of all, When we are frozen up within, and quite The phantom of ourselves, To hear the world applaud the hollow ghost

Which blamed the living man. -Matthew Arnold.

A SOCIAL PRESCRIPTION.

BY GEORGE P. LATHROP.

Arthur Brenton was a young man pos sessed of some money and a good deal of ability. But something else, in turn, possessed him, namely, a passion. It was not a passion that led him into any folly, unless overwork be counted as dissipation. It was not the passion that | you ought to find out." controls or molds nine-tenths of the human race. The object of his adoration had its origin in the most intense heat imaginable; but its radiance was cold Paret, who seldom walked, was on foot dynamo machine than for the light of well. wit and tenderness of a woman's eye. The passion that possessed him was for

"I can't understand this at all," said his friend Reed, picking up in Brenton's rooms one day a pamphlet filled with "I'll tell you," he said, long mathematical formulæ and strange fined myself too closely. s of instruments. "Can't tion in this pursuit. How can you go on I accepted his advice. I've had a splendid

with such horribly dry reading?' time, an Brenton replied: "The dryness of the studies." reading, my boy, only increases my thirst—for knowledge." "Of course," said Reed. After an in-

understand that! It's a joke. But don't it has turned out well-for you." you ever get tired out?" Brenton admitted, "The fact

is I'm tired now for almost the first time. sure you it has been a charming experi-Somehow, I'm losing interest in my stud- | ence. ies. My head doesn't work well, and I don't know what the trouble is.'

"Better see a doctor," Reed advised. And Brenton went to his physician Reed was surprised to meet him at a dinner party, for his friend was a man who almost never went out. Brenton was extremely gay, and seemed to throw his whole heart into the affair. What he was throwing into the conversation with his neighbor, pretty Miss Paret,

Reed could not tell, but she was evidently pleased. "Well, old fellow," Reed said to him

when they were smoking, "you seem in such good trim, I take it you're all right." "There's nothing in the world the matter with me," Brenton answered, buoyantly, "Doctor said so. Let us live and be happy!"

This rollicking manner was so unusual was something the matter. He worried himself about his friend's brain. Reed was never troubled about his own brain. although he frequently rollicked and went much into society. But his concern for Brenton deepened, as he met him day after day and night after night at receptions, dinners, and even balls. Brenton had a large circle of non-conducting or unelectrical friends, who had long been trying to draw him into their gayeties, and were only too glad that he had at last hearkened to their persuasions. They knew he was bright, They were rejoiced to see him take his proper place, and rapidly become a favorite. The Parets especially were pleased, They, as every one knows, were immensely rich. Old Miss Sarah Paret, who, with no need of money, had become a sort of receiving reservoir of the family wealth, was looked upon with great interest by all the branches which acted as distributing reservoirs; and old Miss Sarah had long ago taken a great fancy to Brenton. I suspect her of having for some time planned a match between him and her niece Lily Paret-the one he had sat next to at the dinner I have mentioned. Miss Sarah was too proud, too rich and too maidenly to divulge this amatory plan; but I suspect her all the same. It gave her great delight to see the interest in the young man which Lily showed. And, as Brenton paid a greut deal of attention to Lily Paret, nearly every one began to nook. agree that he had forsaken science for society, and that, instead of devoting himself to units of electrical measurement, he would doubtless very soon

made a unit by marriage. Lily had always been indifferent to the admirers who had presented themselves during the two or three seasons since she had made her social debut. And finally her parents and old Miss Sarah grew anxious at her lack of zest rushing through his heart with more for the good things of the life to which electro-motive volts than he had ever she was born. But when Brenton ap- measured. "If I dared to believe," he peared on the scene and gave himself up to the pleasures of the world, his not tire of meexample seemed to do her good, and she became quite herse f again. Or was it thunder drowned his voice. * * * herself with a little something added? The expected tests did not take place, Certainly, no one before had seen her on account of "an electrical disturbance eyes sparkle so brightly, or her checks of the atmosphere," as it was explained. blush with so happy a glow as now.

begin an experiment with two lives

"And do you really think you will give up permanently your secluded life?" gagement to Lily. "Why the deuce The Irish population she asked him once, when they were didn't I speak before?" he said to him city is half a million.

into the traces-"

"Possibly I might break my heart out of the traces." And he looked at her in such a way that she could hardly doubt his wish to convey the idea that she wou'd be the cause of the catastrophe.

In one of the tall cases in the National "Oh, you know what I meant," she

said, quite lightly and laughing. Brenton was perhaps more earnest and engaging than he knew as he replied; The question is, do you know what I mean?

Lily was equal to the situation still. 'I don't believe you know yourself," said she, cheerfully.

"Ab, well! if you have so little faith in my knowledge as that-" he began, Just then they were interrupted by Julian Reed, who approached, easting a glance of solicitude at Brenton, and at once set out to talk eminently sane commonplaces, by way of an example.

In the ensuing weeks Brenton was more assiduous than ever. He came to see Lily Paret as often as he reasonably He danced with her, sent her flowers, made himself her servant. He did all the basking in the sunlight of her presence which is expected from a young man who is in love. And all the time old Miss Sarah thought he seemed to grow stronger, brighter, handsomer. "Lily is his very life!" she exclaimed, rhapsodically, in the privacy of her loue-ly house, to the Paret diamonds, which

were the only confidants she had. Matters went on thus for two months. Then Brenton suddenly disappeared. He was seen no more in club or cafe, drawing-room or ball-room. Everybody was asking: "What can have become of him?" 'Old Miss Sarah could not make it out. Lily's mother inquired of Julian Reed whether Brenton was ill. "I'm afraid he is," said Reed; and he reproached himself for not having told somebody

about Arthur's insanity. "You're afraid he is?" retorted Mrs. Paret, indignantly. "It seems to me Poor Reed excused himself feebly, and went off to look for Brenton. But it happened that the very next day Mrs.

and impersonal. He cared more for the near her own house, and met Arthur sharp, quick, selfish sparkles from a Brenton, himself looking exceedingly "Why, what has become of you?" she inquired

"Nothing," said Arthur. "I've gone back to my work, as usual." "What do you mean?" "I'll tell you," he said. "I had con-My doctor I must throw everything over and stand it any more than I can your absorp- take recreation. He prescribed society.

time, and now I'm all fresh again for my "Oh!" Mrs. Paret returned, somewhat chillingly "I'm glad to hear you have such a wise doctor. It was heroic treatstant he laughed, and added: "Oh, I ment, but you've survived the dose; so

"My dear Mrs. Paret!" Breuton exclaimed. "Don't call it a dose. I as-

"Thanks," said Mrs. Paret, and left

Brenton feared that something had gone wrong. His own sensations, morethat very evening. A few days later over confirmed the fear. He was not comfortable. Somehow, in spite of his his choice next, and so on."- Washington refreshed state, electricity did not seem | Star. quite so attractive as formerly.

In a short time Lily Paret's renewed interest in social affairs also relaxed. With her light-brown hair, her delicate coloring, her graceful, quiet, listening manner, she was as charming as ever; but, beyond question, she grew paler and more inert day by day. The doctor 'Miss Paret," he announced, "needs a change-not of scene or air, but of occupation. If she could drop society and become engrossed in some intellectual pursuit. I should expect it to do her in him that Reed began to think there great good. But that is a hard thing to

manage.' Lily, however, did not think it hard. She dropped society forthwith for a time. Having had a good college train. ing, she was able to start off fairly well

on the prescribed line. And what branch of study do you think she chose? Curiously enough, electricity. In her ardent, feminine way she clung to it all winter. So that when Brenton, beginning to feel run down again, tried the old remedy and plunged into the "stream of gayety," he did not find her there, and promptly plunged out again. The old remedy was no

longer efficacious. Lily, in her new occupation, which was considered by her circle to be unduly eccentric, improved a little as to health and cheerfulness; but, as for Brenton, he

felt his powers declining steadily. Late in May he attended a meeting a little way out of town, which was to witness some new and rather remarkable experiments; and, to his surprise, he found Lily there, too. The tests were to be made on a somewhat exposed hill, and the weather being unusually warm, the uncommon phenomenon of a May thunder-storm was suddenly developed. This interrupted the business for which the party had assembled, and they all

hastily sought shelter. "What has induced you to go into this study?" Brenton asked Lily, with whom he stood apart from the rest in a quiet

"I might ask what has induced you?" she said. "You were tired of society, I suppose?" "No. No-that is-never of you,

Miss Paret. I am tired only of myself. "And you have kept away from us so

long because you thought we might get to have the same feeling about you?" Lily inquired, with arch serenity. Brenton felt some kind of current began, impulsively, "that you would

At that instant a violent burst of The disturbance extended to Julian Reed when he heard of Brenton's en-

chatting alone in a corner, after one of self. But Brenton was quite satisfied A CITY'S TRANSFORMATION. old Miss Sarah's solemnly elegant Sun- with the day's experiment. "The exday teas, "You have been so wedded change of positive and negative forces to science, don't you know, I doubt in our lives," he playfully observed to whether you could ever break your heart Lily, "was a great succes." And old Miss Sarah, having received the news Without letting her finish, he said: from both of them, smiled tenderly

nuseum are displayed various implements, some of very rude and primitive workmanship, illustrating the games of chance played among the North American Indians. Anrong the most curious of the exhibits illustrating the games of the savages are packs of playing cards collected among the Apache Indians. These cards are made of dry skins or parchments, and are about the size of the ordinary playing cards in use in every whist-playing family. The devices unou-them have been rudely drawn. The numbers of the cards composing a pack and the character of the devices indicate that they are of Spanish origin, Professor Otis T. Mason, the curator of the section of ethnology, recently received from Mr. Romero, Mexican minister, several packs of cards of the kind known as Barcelona cards, such as have been in use among the Spaniards and the Mexicans for many generations. The Apache cards are rude imitations of the Barcelona cards. There are four suits, as in our cards-spades, clubs, diamonds, and hearts. The spade is a sword or espadon; the club is a veritable club or bludgeon; the heart is a heart enclosed in an urn, and the diamond a gem or jewel represented as set in the centre of disc or brooch of some kind. The spot cards end with the sevens, the eights, nines, and ten not being included in the pack. In the Apache cards the queen is represented by a female figure, rudely drawn, like the first effort of a couthful caricaturist on a slate. The king is represented by a figure of a man, and the jack or knight by a man on horseback.

"These cards were found among the Indians," said Professor Mason to a Star reporter, "when our exploring parties first went among them. They undoubtedly got them first from the Spaniards. They play a number of games with them, some like simple games that are played with our cards-'old maid,' 'muggins,' and the like, and they had a game also like euchre. Now they use cards such as we use, which they have obtained

from the settlers and others." "There is no game played by the Indians in America," continued the curator, "in which the mind is brought to bear upon a problem or has to study out the moves as in chess or checkers. There is no game in which the player is expected to have mental skill. All the games are strictly games of chance."

"This game is something like the game of jackstraws," he continued. pointing to a collection of two dozen or more little round sticks, each having a distinguishing figure carved or scratched upon it. "These little sticks are shaken up under a mat or hat, and then dropped to the ground, still concealed by the hat Then the man who handles them, the dealer, takes out one stick at a time, handing them to the different When they have all players in turn. been dealt out, the man who has the best hand wins. The man who has the chief takes the best or most valuable article; the man who has the next highest takes

Growing Old Gracefully. After a certain age, varying from fifty to sixty, men are liable to declaim about the vanity of things and to have a settled distaste for pursuits and amusements which occupied earlier years. It is a dangerous time. In order to find relief was summoned (the same discerning such men often break up the business person who had counseled Brenton). vocations of a lifetime and seek in new experiments the glow and ardor which have vanished with youth. It is a prolific source of financial failures; often of domestic disruptions; sometimes leading to suicide or madness. Youth and its passions are not to be recalled by a change of locality or of business. What these people fret about is simply the departure of youth. They have not the philosophy to adjust themselves to approaching age and serenely await the end, and they plunge into chimerical business ventures and break up homes and seek new homes with the hope of reviving a fire which can never burn brightly again. There is not one man in a dozen with a fixed and ample income who can with patience submit himself to the conservative dictates of age, and with books and friends lead a life of innocent leisure. The struggle is always to make sixty beat with the impulsive numbers of thirty, and that can never be. The wise man will bow to the yoke, and by so doing will cease to feel it. It is a voke which all must wear save those which the Greeks declared were blessed of the gods because they died young .-Pittsburg Telegraph.

Fashion and Prices. Two hundred and twenty-five dollars was the price which the polite salesman of a fashionable up-town tailoring establishment said the other day a suit made of such and such cloth in such and such a way would cost a lady visitor. "Bother!" said the lady. "I won't

like this I have on, and I paid only \$60 for it." "Oh, of course, you know," replied the salesman in a deprecatory way, and with a profusion of bows, "But these

ony any such price. - I want something

American-made goods-"Why," interrupted the lady, "I bought this suit at your branch house in Paris only a month ago. Is all the extra

price here duty?" The salesman was fairly extinguished, and could only gasp out: "Oh, you know, well, of course, as an old customer, we can do it a little cheaper for you; say \$1757"

"Well, say \$150?"

'I think we could do it for \$125" was the last offer; but the lady bowed her

way out, and left the store. This incident is only illustrative of what some people will pay to be fashionable, and how other people will always stand ready to let them do it .- New York

The Irish population of New York

shadowy pictures on the hillsides and THE CHANGES NATURAL GAS IS MAKING IN PITTSBURG.

The New Yource of Light and Beat Used Everywhere - How Natural Gas was First Utilized.

Natural gas is king in Pittsburg, says a letter from the "smoky city" to the New York Times. Every steel and iron mill, glass factory, and manufactories generally of any consequence, beside many private dwellings, now depend upon gas for fuel. Every day natural gas keeps in motion acres of machinery, heats thousands of tons of metal, and molds into shapes for articles of commerce millions of pieces of glass. The Philadelphia Company, which is the largest concern, alone supplies with fuel sixty-six glass factories, thirty-four rolling mills, five steel works, forty-five large monutacturing establishments, forty-four other works, and 900 dwelling houses.

The advantages of natural gas over coal are numerous. Gas is far cheaper fuel than coal. The annual saving in this respect is roughly estimated at \$500,000. Still, the inexpensiveness of natural gas as a fuel is not the most important economic item in its favor. The large numbers of men who two years ago were required to attend to fires have lost their occupation with the introduction of natural gas. The coal heavers, firemen, and ash haulers have been compelled to seek other employment. The change is starting. Where formerly thirty, forty, 100 firemen were at work in one boiler house hauling several hundred tons of coal, the spectator now looks upon a long row of poilers attended by one man, with not a lump of coal in sight. In many of the great works a pound of coal has not

been in use for a year. An ironmaster who has used gas for the past year estimated his saving in all quarters by its use during that time at 25,000. A glass manufacturer with a similar estimation placed amount saved at \$20,000. A brickyard owner said he had saved \$6,000. In private dwellings the average saving of each for a year by

its use is reckoned at \$50. Natural gas has been the salvation of the industries of Pittsburg. When business depression was slowly smothering the fires in the many mills and factories nature came to the relief of the city with this new source of wealth. The declining industries were endowed with new life. Mills that have been idle for five years have started up with their old-time vigor. Glass houses that have been idle almost as long are at work again. New works of different kinds are being built. Capital from other cities has settled permanently at Pittsburg. Two Western iron firms, and twice that number of ron firms, and twice glass and tanning companies, have adopted the city of natural gas for their home within the past year. No part of America holds out more golden promises to the enterprising manufacturer than Pittsburg. The city promises with her new fuel to distance all competitors in the iron, steel, and glass industries else-

now displays its silver lining. The Manchester of the new world is in state of transformation. The grimy buildings are fast yielding up their murky refuse and present clean surfaces. From place of subdued colors Pittsburg, through the fairy like agency of natural gayest, brightest, and most picturesque cities in the world. The heavy mantle of smoke is rapidly disappearing, leaving the beautiful outlines of the hills of the three valleys clearly defined against the blue sky. Iron mills withployed within their walls once more wear the complexions of white men. The inhabitants of the city are already throwing aside garments of darker hues and hats and bonnets. The numerous houses be broken apart with the hand, and not are without a costing of soot or ashes to cut with a knife, -Metripolitan Grocer,

try the patience of the careful house-In families where natural gas is used there is no quarreling as to who shall be the gas is turned off at bedtime. In the a "house of entertainment," A piece of blazing paper is clumps of firebrick, the gas is turned on, and in a moment a glowing and cheerful

warmth is thrown out. About nine years ago the Haymaker cries. brothers, fresh from the declining oil fields of northwestern Pennsylvania, walked into Murraysville, put up a derrick and began drilling for oil. Six weeks later the great Murraysville gas belt was punctured, the drilling tools were blown out, and the new fuel shot into a tower of flame that was a landmark for miles around. For three years the well roared and blew its valuable fuel into the air. Then a pipe line was laid to Pittsburg. and the wealth of the new discovery was appreciated for the first time. Then the man of Murraysville began figuring on the value of his property, and every time he has figured since then he has added a good round sum to the total value. Land that before the discovery of gas was a drug in the market at \$25 an acre now commands \$1,000 an acre. As soon as the value of natural gas

was appreciated there was a rush of speculators to the field. In the flerce glare of the Haymaker well rival claim ants fought a bloody riot for its pos-One company held the well with thirty men armed with rifles and bayonets. The men of the other company to the number of eighty, armed with revolvers and pick handles, charged on the well. A bloody fight ensued, in which the leader of the attacking party was bayoneted to death, a half dozen others were clubbed and shot seriously, and twice that number were badly injured. Thus did the new fuel receive its baptism of blood.

Passengers who ride among the der cool night air and casting weird and mercial Ga s te.

Orders by mail NO. 41.

It is a fairyland. Night is turned into day. On a dark night Pitts-burg can trace its gas fields by the lurid glare in the skies that overhangs the waving flames. The many industrial towns of Western Pennsylvania have this same ruddy sky suspended over them. The oil towns that were nearly abandoned when the supply of petroleum failed have assumed new life since the introduction of natural gas into their lan-guishing industries. Capitalists are fast centering about these gas centers. There are Butler, Titusville, Bradford, New Castle, Rochester, and a score more of

gas towns which are rapidly developing into manufacturing centers. How long will the supply of natural gas last? is the question that is discussed in Western Pennsylvania at present with much interest. On its answer depends many millions of dollars. Experts assert that there is no reason to doubt that it will supply enough manufacturing fuel for use in the next half century. They point to the fact that there are wells scattered all through the oil regions that have been burning for the past twenty years without any appreciable diminution in their flow.

German Potatoes.

It may seem incredible to some of our readers to learn that potatoes are imported from Germany into this country, than which no other portion of the globe has more agricultural advantages, but such is the case. Whether the potato grown in German soil possesses any particular virtue not inherent in the American-grown tuber is a question we are not able to answer, but we do know that certain classes of people the world over deem imported foods of every sort far superior to home products. In England and France, for instance, the label of an American house claims the first consideration of the epicure in search of something extra nice, and from our foreign correspondents and personal observation we learn that e erywhere in Europe American goods are found on sale in immense quantities. On the other hand it seems perfectly natural, when we consider this vagary of human nature, to find German potatoes and a thousand other articles we might name in the New York markets, with plenty of purchasers

in the bargain. The particular German potato we have in mind has only lately gained a prominent place on our list of imports. A few years ago the receipts were from twentyfive to fifty bags yearly. Last year over 1,000 bags of German potatoes were sold in New York city alone, and this season the sales have already reached that figure, showing a remarkably rapid increase in their consumption. Noticing this increase, and desiring to find out the cause of their popularity, we called upon an uptown grocer, who serves a very particular class of trade, and asked to see his German potatoes. He displayed his samples upon a plate, which held a dozen or more tubers the size of a large walnut. We were surprised to learn that this was the average size, and that in spite of where. The sable cloud of smoke which the seeming disadvantage in this respect, for generations has overhung Pittsburg the German potato was a favorite the tables of several of his wealthier customers He sells them by weight, at five cents a pound, and buys them at three cents by the single bag, or three and one half cents a pound in ten bag lots. The bags will average about one hundred pounds. Regarding gas, is destined to become one of the the demand, he informed us that at present his sales are one bag a week, but during the winter season from three to five bags. Curious to know whether they were bought for any special object, we were informed that they are considered the finest potatoes for salad, and out smoke or soot gleam with whitewash are principally used for that purpose. inside and out, while the workmen em- Peeled and broiled in lard or butter, whole, without slicing, they make a specially attractive dish. Boiled and served in their peel, and eaten with a little butter and salt, they are delightful. appearing in light costumes and white Cooked in this way the potato should

A Central American Hotel. Everything was au naturel to the farthfirst to arise in the chilly mornings to est possible limit in the way of disorder, build the fires. Generally in cold weather dirt, and disregard of the proprieties of morning the henpecked husband or the of the "dining room" was littered with submissive wife jumps out of bed, gives | dead insects; great cockroaches traveled a valve on the hearth a turn and returns up and down the wall, mysteriously to the warm couch. Instantly the gas active; all manner of flies swarmed in is ablaze and the room is heated in a the air and over the filthy linen of the If the fire is allowed to go out at table, with its broken crockery that evinight the process of starting it in the dently had not been washed for a month; morning, or at any time, is the work of a at the table legs were tied with rawhide strings two game cocks, which sought thrust into the stove or grate filled with incessantly to get at each other; in and out of the room ran pigs and chickens, while parrots stalked around, making

the air hideous with their croaks and But, despite all this, we really did enjoy this our first meal in Guatemala. The coffee, served in Central American fashion, was the best I ever drank. Then, for the first time, I knew what good coffee was. It was simply the essence of the berry-a dark brown, thick liquor, kept in a close stoppered decenter. Taking a teaspoonful or two of this essential liquor, you add not water from a native Indian earthen jug that looks very much like an old Etrascan or Egyptian product. That cup was, indeed, "wathy of the gods"—something never dreamed of even in Paris, where good coffee is the rule. In explanation of this superiority, it is stated by the coffee growers that the berry loses much of its peculiar evanescent flavor by sacking and sea transport .- Harp r's Magazine.

A Long Life.

How many years the ordinary lifetime may and should comprise, if men were protected from the privations of the poor and the temptations of the well todo, and were fenced about with all the guards that medical science can furnish, is strikingly illustrated by the vital statistics of the English Society of Friends, more commonly styled Quakers. At the present time the average life of one of this sect is about fifty-nine years, or at least tifteen years greater than that of the population as a whole. The industry for which these people have long been noted keep almost all of them rick-studded hills and valleys through out of the ranks of the very poor, while which the railfoads of Western Pennsyl | the simple and moral lives presented by vania wind will be surprised, if the their creed shield them from other journey be at night, to see myriads of dangers scarcely less threatening to spectral, bannerlike flames waying in the human health and life. - Cincinnati Com-

Essex County Gerald JOB PRINTING

ESTABLISHMENT Is supplied with all the requisites for doing a first-class Job Printing business, and promptly

LAWYERS' BRIEFS, WEDDING CARDS, HANDRILLS, PROGRAMMES, VISITING CARDS, BUSINESS CARDS, BALL CARDS, BILLHEADS, BILLS OF FARE, STATEMENTS, PAMPHLETS, WINE CARDS, LAW CASES, and CIRCULARS.

will receive prompt atten

Address, W. H. BISHOP, Island Pond, Va.

LITTLE THINGS.

How sweet, how sad, how wondrous fair,

A simple rhyme, a childish grief, A blossom on a lover's tomb, A bud expanding into lenf, A dewdrop in a clover bloom;

How soon forgot, how quick to fade! The song, the bloom, the infant care, Pass like the play of sun and shade. But in their passage quicken thought-As sunbeams melt on field and plain

And leave their slightest impress wrought In blooming grass and riponing grain-And though each individual form

A balo round us in the storm, A genial warmth that fills our voins. The critic comes with awful frown To crush the post , like a gnat;

Grows indistinct, its glow remains,

Frost nips the tender blossoms down, And childish griefs, for this and that, Are merged in Sorrow's large estate, That wideas round our frosted heads; And yet the varied web of fate Is woven of such slender threads.

255

The little things of time are most Secure of influence, promise, power; The flying seed, the insect host, Dissolving dew and transient shower; They multiply, build up, tear down,

And write their excellence and grace On arid waste and mountain brown, Till nought is bare nor common-place. So little murmurs, joined in song, Light bubbles that in music break -When youth is glad and days are long-In low, soft ecstacles, may wake The living chords of that sweet lyre

Which trembles in the human hear And prompts the genius to aspire The man to act a noble part, Then, Scorner, spare the little things! From atoms all the worlds are wrought,

Pensants may dwin tle into kings, Or wits give birth to humorous thought; The great be small, the small be great; And yet through all life's varied throng This truth holds fast as death or fate,

The humble ever are the strong. -Benj. S. Parker, in the Current,

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

High-toned-a fife. Jokes on the sealskin sacque are said to be fur-fetched.

Love's warning cry: "Don't, Jack; you hurt my vaccination. "Camels sometimes live to the age of 100 years." It makes 'em hump to do

it, though, -Nowman Independent, THE UNSUCCESSFUL MERCHANT. He failed, and no one was surprised,

Because he never advertised. -Boston Courier. A minister, having sermons, was asked what he had in his package. "Dried tongue," was the

A magazine writer affirms that there fs no such thing as absolute silence. If the man is married he is right about it. - Chica to Ledary. A celebrated manufacturer of mustard

said that he made his money, not out of the mustard eaten, but out of the mustard left on the plate. No robins in the cedar pipe

But every turkey's getting ripe, And while the leaflets dance a Jig, We dream about the crackling pig. The opinions now held by physicians that "raw cow's milk is better for children than boiled" is very gratifying, as a raw cow gives much more milk than a

boiled one. it is said that if insanity is latent in a ersons, it will almost always develop tself at sea. Nearly everything in a person usually develops itself at sea .-Norristown Herald.

'You must take this vessel for a love Affair," said the captain to a spoony couple who were monopolizing the only chair on the quarter deck. "This is no court-ship." - Carl Pretzel. A queen bee lays from 2,000 to 3,000 eggs in ninety-four hours. necessary to ask "How doth the little

busy bee?" She doeth well, and should

be a shining example to the lazy hen that can only be induced to lay one egg in twenty-four hours, and then only when eggs are cheap.—Picayune. A Dakota farmer says that he has mised seventeen bushels of wheat in three years from one grain of seed. This information will be very valuable to those anticipating moving into Dakota. Instead of investing \$300 or \$500 in seed wheat, all a man needs is to buy, say, a dozen grains and then wait three or four

years for them to multiply. This makes farming comparatively easy work .- Now York Graphic. They stood amid the falling leaves In silence, hand in hand;

The setting sun its golden beams Shed over the sea and land Upon his brow had sorrow set Its peace-corroling seal; His heart was with an anguish filled

His lips would not reveal. Reluctantly a kiss he gave, And then he yearned for death; For oh! there was a cruel taint Of onions on her breath.

Rather Ancient. The members of the Chicese legation at Washington take great pride in the antiquity of their country and its insti-When they received news of tutions. the death of the empress, Mr. Blaine, then secretary of state, went to pay them in official visit of condolence. He was received in the large room built by Boss Shepherd for a picture gallery, which was hung in white. At one end there was an altar, on which "joss sticks" of incense were being burned. The legaion were white robes, and each one nowed solemnly as the secretary of state came opposite to him. After the ceremony was over, Mr. Blaine told the interpreter to say to the minister that the scene reminded him of some of the certain monies of the church of Rome, which die ased to witness in the days of his childgood, and from which these were probably derived. When this was interoreted to the mandarin, he smared and emetly remarked: "Say to his case llengy that we have had these ceremous in China for about 3,000 years."— he Tency of Poore.

California is bragging of raising Bartfett pears which weigh one and one half pounds each, at an altitude of 4,500 feet bove the sea level, but these monstrous pears have no more flavor thon a turnio,